



TO THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN CHARLES THE SECOND,

Brother and Benefactor of St. Georges Confraternity in Bruges.



Antiquity, you now must boast no more,
Of what your Heroes have done here to fore;
Wee in this age behold a Prince surpas
All that you faign'd, and all that ever was.

The Great CHARLES STUART second of that name,
Heire to his Fathers Crownes, and glorious fame,
In his unmatched misfortunes made apeare,
A courage, birth, and constancy most cleare,
Deserving Temples rear'd unto his name,
And praises publish'd by eternall fame.

Soft charmes of sweetnes did his cradle blefs,
As yeares increas'd so did his happines:
Nothing was in the univers soe faire,
That might with this Illustrious youth compare.
But envious Fortune who hath ever frown'd,
Upon the blessings of a Heroe crown'd,
Her succours did to treacherous subjects bring,
That durst invade so great, so just a King,
Thus virtue was suppress'd, and thus we see
How greatest Princes stoope, to Destinie.

When this his worthy Son, that would not bowe
To her capritious doome, began to showe
In three sett battailles (though unfortunate)
That his great vertue claim'd a better fate:
When of his subjects and his Crownes bereft,
Nought but his resolution, with him left,
With which he stems the danger of the tide,
And boldly doth himselfe to harbour guide:
His constancy, his wisdom all adore
Which gaine three Crownes, his Father lost before.

Then nothing dazled, with reflective light,
(Twas his deserts that made the Throne so bright)
Mindefull how Bruges in his humblest state,
Receive'd his person, and condol'd his fate,
And that he did himselfe so much decline,
Amid'st our pastimes, gratioously to shine,
Adorning this our Confraternity,
With the addition of his MAJESTY,
Did From his liberality impart
The bounteous tokens of his Royall heart.

Our Brethren therefore, cannot be content
Their gratefull hearts, should only beare the print,
Of faithfull love; their children all shall knowe,
Howe much their Fathers did t'his Goodnes owe,
For which this Marble Statue, thus we reare:
Let after ages, with us witnes beare,
Of well meant gratitude: and in it finde
The Firmnes and the candor of his minde,
And when it here, some thousand years hath stood,
All will confes, fewe Princes were so good.

